

Then that of painted pompe? Are not these woods
More free from perill then the enuious Court?
Heere feele we not the penaltie of *Adam*,
The seasons difference, as the Ice phange
And churlish chiding of the winters winde,
Which when it bites and blowes vpon my body
Euen till I shrinke with cold, I smile, and say
This is no flattery: these are counsellors
That feelingly perswade me what I am:
Sweet are the vses of aduersitie
Which like the toad, ougly and venomous,
Weares yet a precious Iewell in his head:
And this our life exempt from publike haunt,
Findes tongues in trees, bookes in the running brookes,
Sermons in stones, and good in euery thing.

Amen. I would not change it, happy is your Grace
That can translate the stubbornesse of fortune
Into so quiet and so sweet a file.

Du. Sen. Come, shall we goe and kill vs venison?
And yet it irkes me the poore daped foolcs
Being native Burgers of this desert City,
Should in their owne confines with forked heads
Haue their round hanches goard.

1. Lord. Indeed my Lord
The melancholy *Iaques* grieues at that,
And in that kinde sweares you doe more vsurpe
Then doth your brother that hath banish'd you:

To day my Lord of *Amiens*, and my selfe,
Did steale behinde him as he lay along
Vnder an oake, whose anticke roote peepes out
Vpon the brooke that brawles along this wood,
To the which place a poore sequestred Stag
That from the Hunters aime had tane a hurt,
Did come to languish; and indeed my Lord
The wretched animall heau'd forth such groanes
That their discharge did stretch his leatherne coat
Almost to bursting; and the big round teares
Cours'd one another downe his innocent nose
In piteous chafe: and thus the haire foole,
Much marked of the melancholie *Iaques*,
Stood on th'extremest verge of the swift brooke,
Augmenting it with teares.

Du. Sen. But what said *Iaques*?
Did he not moralize this spectacle?

1. Lord. O yes, into a thousand similies.
First, for his weeping into the needlesse streame;
Poore Deere quoth he, thou mak'st a testament
As worldlings doe, giuing thy sum of more
To that which had too must: then being there alone,
Left and abandoned of his vniuersall friend;
'Tis right quoth he, thus miserie doth part
The Flux of companie: anon a carelesse Heard
Full of the pasture, jumps along by him
And neuer staires to greet him: I quoth *Iaques*,
Sweepe on you fat and greazie Citizens,
'Tis iust the fashion; wherefore doe you looke
Vpon that poore and broken bankrupt there?
Thus most inuicetiously he pierceth through
The body of Countrie, Citie, Court,
Yea, and of this our life, twearing that we
Are meere vsurpers, tyrants, and whats worse
To fright the Animals, and to kill them vp
In their assign'd and native dwelling place.

Du. Sen. And did you leaue him in this contemplation?

2. Lord. We did my Lord, weeping and commenting
Vpon the sobbing Deere.

Du. Sen. Show me the place,
I loue to cope him in these fullen fits;
For then he's full of matter.

1. Lord. Ile bring you to him strait.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Duke, with Lords.

Duk. Can it be possible that no man saw them?
It cannot be, some villaines of my Court
Are of consent and sufferance in this.

1. Lo. I cannot heare of any that did see her,
The Ladies her attendants of her chamber
Saw her a bed, and in the morning early,
They found the bed vntreasur'd of their Mistis.

2. Lo. My Lord, the roynish Clown, at whom so oft,
Your Grace was wont to laugh is also missing,
Hesperia the Princesse Gentlewoman
Confesses that she secretly ore-heard
Your daughter and her Cosen much commend
The parts and graces of the Wrestler
That did but lately foile the synowie *Charles*,
And she beleecues where euer they are gone
That youth is surely in their companie.

Duk. Send to his brother, fetch that gallant hither,
If he be absent, bring his Brother to me,
Ile make him finde him: do this sodainly;
And let not searce and inquisition quail,
To bring againe these foolish runawaies.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Orlando and Adam.

Orl. Who's there?

Ad. What my yong Master, oh my gentle master,
Oh my sweet master, O you memorie
Of old Sir Rowland; why, what make you here?

Why are you vertuous? Why do people loue you?
And wherefore are you gentle, strong, and valiant?

Why would you be so fond to ouercome
The bonnie prifer of the humorous Duke?

Your praise is come too swiftly home before you.
Know you not Master, to seeme kinde of men,
Their graces serue them but as enemies,
No more doe yours: your vertues gentle Master
Are sanctified and holy traitors to you:

Oh what a world is this, when what is comely
Enuenuoms him that beares it?

Why, what's the matter?

Ad. O vnhappy youth,
Come not within these doores: within this roofof
The enemy of all your graces liues
Your brother, no, no brother, yet the sonne
(Yet not the son, I will not call him son)
Of him I was about to call his Father,
Hath heard your praises, and this night he meanes,
To burne the lodging where you vse to lye,
And you within it; if he faile of that

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He will haue other meanes to cut you off;
I ouerheard him; and his practises:
This is no place, this house is but a butcherie;
Abhorre it, feare it, doe not enter it.

Ad. Why whether *Adam* would'st thou haue me go?
Ad. No matter whether, so you come not here.

Orl. What, would'st thou haue me go & beg my food,
Or with a bale and boistrous sword enforce
A theeuish liuing on the common roade?

This I must do, or know not what to do:
Yet this I will not do, do how I can,
I rather will subiect me to the malice
Of a diuered blood, and bloudie brother.

Ad. But do not so: I haue five hundred Crownes,
The thrifte hire I saued vnder your Father,
Which I did store to be my toster Nurse,
When seruice should in my old limbs lie lame,
And vnregarded age in corners throwne,
Take that, and he that doth the Rauens feede,
Yea proudly caters for the Sparrow,
Be comfort to my age: here is the gold,
All this I giue you, let me be your seruant,
Though I looke old, yet I am strong and lustie;
For in my youth I neuer did apply
Hot, and rebellious liquors in my blood,
Nor did not with vnashfull forehead woe,
The meanes of weaknesse and debilitie,
Therefore my age is as a lustie winter,
Frostie, but kindly; let me goe with you,
Ile doe the seruice of a yonger man
In all your businesse and necessities.

Orl. Oh good old man, how well in thee appeares
The constant seruice of the antique world,
When seruice sweate for dutie, not for meede:
Thou art not for the fashion of these times,
Where none will sweate, but for promotion,
And hauing that do choake their seruice vp,
Euen with the hauing, it is not so with thee:
But poore old man, thou prun'st a rotten tree,
That cannot so much as a blossome yeelde,
In lieu of all thy paines and husbandrie,
But come thy waies, wee'll goe along together,
And ere we haue thy youthfull wages spent,
Wee'll light vpon some settled low content.

Ad. Master goe on, and I will follow thee
To the last gaspe with truth and loyaltie,
From seauentie yeeres, till now almost fourescore
Here liued I, but now liue here no more
At seauenteene yeeres, many their fortunes seeke
But at fourescore, it is too late a weeke,
Yet fortune cannot recompence me better
Then to die well, and not my Masters debter.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Rosaline for Ganimed, Celia for Aliena, and
Clowne, alias Touchstone.

Ros. O *Iupiter*, how merry are my spirits?

Cl. I care not for my spirits, if my legges were not
wearie.

Ros. I could finde in my heart to disgrace my mans
apparell, and to cry like a woman: but I must comfort

the weaker yessell, as doubler and hose ought to show it
selfe coragious to petty-coate; therefore courage, good
Aliena.

Cel. I pray you beare with me, I cannot goe no fur-
ther.

Clo. For my part, I had rather beare with you, then
beare you: yet I should beare no crosse if I did beare
you, for I thinke you haue no money in your purse.

Ros. Well, this is the Forrest of *Arden*, to follow *h*
Clo. I, now am I in *Arden*, the more fooler I, when I
was at home I was in a better place, but I travellers must
be content.

Enter Corin and Siluius.

Ros. I, be so good *Touchstone*: Look you, who comes
here, a yong man and an old in solemne talke.

Cor. That is the way to make her feorne you still.

Sil. Oh *Corin*, that thou knew'st how I do loue her.

Cor. I partly guesse: for I haue lou'd ere now.

Sil. No *Corin*, being old, thou canst not guesse,
Though in thy youth thou wast as true a lover
As euer sigh'd vpon a midnight pillow.

But if thy loue were euer like to mine,
As sure I thinke did neuer man loue so:
How many actions most ridiculous,
Hast thou beene drawne to by thy fantasie?

Cor. Into a thousand that I haue forgotten.

Sil. Oh thou didst then neuer loue so hartly.

If thou remembrest not the lightest folly
That euer loue did make thee run into,
Thou hast not lou'd.

Or if thou hast not iat as I doe now,
Wearing thy hearer in thy Mistis praise,
Thou hast not lou'd.

Or if thou hast not broke from companie,
Abruptly as my passion now makes me,
Thou hast not lou'd.

O *Phebe*, *Phebe*, *Phebe*.

Ros. Alas poore Shepheard searching of they would,
I haue by hard aduenture found mine owne.

Clo. And I mine: I remember when I was in loue, I
broke my sword vpon a stone, and bid him take that for
conuincing a night to *Lane Smile*, and I remember the kif-
sing of her bawler, and the Cowes dugs that her prettie
chopt hands had milk'd; and I remember the wooing
of a peascod instead of her, from whom I tooke two
cods, and giuing her them againe, said with weeping
teares, weare these for my sake: wee that are true Lo-
uers, runne into strange capers; but as all is mortall in
nature, so is all nature in loue, mortall in folly.

Ros. Thou speak'st wiser then thou art ware of.

Cl. Nay, I shall nere be ware of mine owne wit, till
I breake my shins against it.

Ros. Ioue, Ioue, this Shepherds passion,
Is much vpon my fashion.

Clo. And mine, but it growes something stale with
mee.

Cel. I pray you, one of you question yon'd man,
If he for gold will giue vs any foode,
I faint almost to death.

Clo. Holla; you Clowne.

Ros. Peace foole, he's not thy kinsman.

Cor. Who calls?

Clo. Your betters Sir.

Cor. Else are they very wretched.

Ros. Peace